# Plymouth Advertiser.

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## Select Poetry.

### YOUNG AGAIN.

An old man sits in a high-backed chair,
Before an open door,
While the sun of a summer's afternoon
Falls hot across the floor;
And the drowsy tick of an ancient clock
Has notched the hour of four.

A breeze blows in, and a breeze blows out,
From the scented summer air;
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair;
And the leaden lid of his eye drops down,
And he sleeps in his high-backed chair.

The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
His head droops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
And fall to his lap in rest;
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll;
He is a child again:
A mother's tone is in his ear,
And drifts across his brain;
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild rose in the woods,
And gathers eglantine,
And holds the golden buttercups
Beneath his sister's chin;
And angles in the meadow brook
With a bent and naked pin.

He loiters down the grassy lane,
And by the brimming pool,
And a sigh escapes his parting lips,
As he hears the bell for school:
And he wishes it never was nine o'clock,
And the morning never was full.

A mother's hand pressed on his head,
Her kiss is on his brow—
A summer's breeze blows in at the door,
With the toss of a leafy bough;
And the boy is a white-haired man again,
And his eyes are tear-filled now.

## Selected Miscellany.

### THE GOLDEN COIN,

OR THE LITTLE STREET BEGGAR.

The following story is a jewel. We ask for it a careful perusal from all our young friends.

It was the morning of a new year, that had just set in, bright, golden and beautiful. The sun glistened like jeweled raiment in the cloudless sky. The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bells struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was cold, though not piercing; bracing, though not biting; just cold enough, in truth, to infuse life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl—a child of poverty, on that new years morning—walking the streets with the gay crowd that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, and those badly worn, that she could but with much difficulty move one before the other. Her cheeks shook at every step she took, and her lips looked truly purple. Alas! poor Elsie Gray! She wss a little beggar!

Just like the old year was the new year to her. Just like the last year's wants, and the last year's suffering, were wants and sufferings of this! The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor, her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar.

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old withered ones, decked her time-stained walls. There was no sound of merry voices within the door, to say to the Widow Gray.—

"A happy new year to you, Mrs. Gray!"

Heavens seemed to have walled her and her abode out from the happiness that was all the world's on this festive day of the year. It had provided, to all appearances, no congratulations, no laughter, no gifts, no flowers for them. Why? Were they outcasts? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creatures around them? No! shame take the world that it must be so answered for them. Mrs Gray was poor!

Little Elisie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their casements with all the force left in them, and then big tears stood trembling in her large blue eyes for a moment and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as if they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted and famishing! What wonder that she cried, even though those hot tears only dripped on the hot pavement. They might as well fall there as elsewhere; the many human hearts that passed her were full as icy and hardened.

She would have turned back to go home, but she thought again of her poor mother, and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar. Where should street beggars go? What streets are laid out and named and numbered for them? Surely, if not home, then where should they go? It was this thought that brought those crystal tears, that startled those deep and irrepressible sobs that checked her instant utterance.

A young boy—a bright looking little fellow—chanced to pass her, as she walked and wept and sobbed. He caught the glitter of those tears in the sunshine; and the sight smote his angel heart. He knew not what want and suffering were, he had never known, them himself—never once heard of them—knew not even what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked her the cause of those tears. She could make no reply—her heart was too full.

"Has any one hurt you?" asked the feeling little fellow.

She shook her head negatively.

"Have you lost your way?" he persisted.

"No," answered the child quite audibly.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked.

"Mother is poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold, and there is no wood for us. Oh! you do not know all."

"But I will," replied the manly boy. "Where do you live?"

"Will you go with me?" asked Elsie, her face brightening.

"Yes, let me go with you," said he: "show me the way."

Through street, lane and alley, she guided him. They reached the door of the hovel. The cold breath of the wind whistled in the cracks and crevices and keyholes before them, as if inviting them in, they entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow, and gave her a sweet smile. "Elsie, have you come?" she faintly said.

"Yes, mother," answered the child, "and I have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and see where we live.—Did I do wrong to bring him, mother?"

"No, my child," said the mother, "if he knows how to pity from his little heart; but he cannot pity me yet—he is not old enough."

The bright-faced, sunny-hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if this was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sad upon the wasting mother, but they glittered with wonder when turning towards Elsie. Suddenly they filled with tears. The want and woe, the barrenness, the desolation, were all too much for him. He shuddered at the cold, uncovered floor. He gazed mournfully into the fire place. His eyes wandered wonderingly over the naked walls, looking so uninvitingly and cheerless. Putting his hand into his pocket he grasped the coin that his mother had that very morn given him, and drew it forth.

"You may have that," said he, holding it out to the child.

"Oh, you are too good! You are very generous, I fear!" as if she ought not to take it from him.

"Mother will give me another if I want it," said he. "It will do you a great deal of good, and I do not need it. Take it take it, you shall take it,", and he was instantly gone. It was a gold coin of the value or five dollars!

Mother and child wept together. Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on this new year's day. Then they let their fancies run and grow wild and revel as they chose. They looked at the glistening piece. There was bread, and fuel, and clothing, and in every comfort its depths. They continued to gaze upon it. Now they saw within its rim pictures of delight and joy; visions of long rooms, all wreathed and decorated with visions of evergreens and flowers, visions smiling faces and happy children; sights of merry voices, and the chiming music bells, the accent of innocent tongues, and the laugh of gladsome hearts. Ah! what a philosopher stone was that coin! How it turned every thing first into gold and then into happiness! How it grouped around kind and cheerful friends, and fill their ears with kind voices! How it garlanded all hours of that day with evergreens and full blown roses. How it spread them a laden table and crowded it with merry guest too, all satisfied and happy! Oh, what bright rays shone forth from that trifling coin of gold. Could it have been so bright in the child's or man's dark pocket No; else it had before then burst its very way through and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such visions in the rich man's hands? No; else his avarice would have vanished at once, and his heart have flowed with generosity.—No, no; it was only to the widow and her child that it wore such a shine, and emitted such brilliant rays, and revealed such sweet and welcome visions! Only for such as they.

That night returned the angel boy to the bleak house filled with happiness and lighted with joy; but he was not alone, his mother was with him. Blessed boy. He passed the whole of New Year's day in making others happy. And how much happier was he himself? How his little heart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought with him, and take out, one by one, the gifts which were stowed there; and how overjoyed was he to see his mother offer the sick woman work and a new home, and to see the sick woman grow suddenly strong and almost well under the influence of kind offices. He wondered if their happiness could possibly be as deep as his own—if their New Year was as bright to them as it was to him. He knew not how any one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away into the silent past. That little girl—Elsie Gray—is a lady. Not a lady only in name, but one in very deed, in heart and conduct. She dwells in a substantial cottage, and her husband is devoted only to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who on the New Year's festival accosted her so tenderly in the street and went home with her. Her poor mother sleeps quietly in the church yard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy.

Are there coins either of gold or silver that must be looked away from sight at the the beginning of the New Year?

### THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

People of strong nervous temperaments are great slaves to the whims and caprices of their imaginations; and hence, people of good mental, but of very ordinary physical acquirements, are the most subject to this tyranny of mind over matter. Occassionally, a very ordinary sort of person—that is, an individual of considerable mind, but whose mental capacities are untrained, and so partially undeveloped—suffers from this peculiar fact, in a most distressing degree. No doubt (says the best physical authority) one half of the ills that flesh is heir to are superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer alone. Hundreds have died of mere symptoms of cholera, yellow fever, and plague, induced by sheer dread and fear of those terrible maladies.

A case is recorded wherein a felon, condemned to death by phlebotomy, had his arm laid bare to the shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a partition, while he was fast bound to the opposite side; the hidden executioner, upon the other side, applied the lancet to the arm with a click; the poor culprit heard the muddy stream out-pouring, and soon growing weaker and faiater, he fell into a swoon and died; when the fact was, not a drop of blood had been shed, a surgeon having merely snapped his lancet upon the arm, and continued to pour a small stream of water over the limb and into a basin!

Another case in point was that of a Philadelphia butcher, who, in placing his meat upon a hook, slipped, and hung himself, instead of his beef, upon the barbed point. His agony was intense—he was quickly taken down and carried to a physician's office, and so great was his pain (in imagination) that he cried piteously upon every motion made by the doctor, in cutting the coat and shirt-sleeve from about the wounded arm! When at last the arm was bared, not a scratch was there! The hook point had merely grazed along the skin, and torn the shirt-sleeve!

I will not multiply the various facts extant in proof of the force exrreised by a misdirected imagination; but will mention one so ludicrously imposing, as to cause a pretty broad smile, if not prove otherwise interesting.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks Co., Pa., there lived a cosy old farmer, named Sweighoffer, of German descent, and accent, too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer, had once served as a member of the Legislature, and was therefore "no fool;" and as he had also long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he could hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day, in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were "hard at it," in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out—

'O! mine Gott, Peter!'

'What's der matter, fader?' answers the son, straightening up, and looking towards his sire.

'O mine Gott, Peter!' again cries the old man.

'Donder!' echoes young Peter, harrying up to the old man. 'Fader, what is de matter?'

'O, mine Gott! Peter, der shnkae bite mine leg!'

If anything was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once nearly crippled himself for life by tramping upon a crooked stick, which clamped his ankle and so horrified the youngster that he liked to have fallen through himself.

At the word snake, yonng Peter fell back, nimbly as a wire-dancer, and bawled in turn—

'Where ish der shnake?'

'Anp mine trowsis—O, mine Gott!'

'O, mine Gott!' echoed Peter, junior; 'kill him, fader, kill him!'

'No; no; he kill me, Peter; come—come quick—git off mine trowsis!'

But the youngster's cowardice overcame his filial love, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started, like a scared locomotive, to call the old burly Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give the father a lift with the snake. Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bundling along, as soon as he heard the news, and passing by the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung up their linsey woolsey vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to old man Peter, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and fluttering like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

'O mine Gott! Come—come quick, Yacob!'

'Vat you got, Peter, eh? Shnake?'

'Yaw, yaw. Come, come, Yacob!—He bite me all to pieces—here, aup mine leg!'

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alaim when a 'pizen reptile' is making a levy. Gathering up the stiff dry stalk of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand ready, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill it stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loth to have his leg broken than be bitten to death by the viper, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it! The first blow broke the weed, and knocked old Sweighoffer off his pegs and into a hay-cock.

'Oh!' roared old Peter, 'you broke mine leg, and de tam shnake's gone!'

'Vere? Vere?' cries old Jake, moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the earth he stood upon.

'Never mind him, Yacob; help me aup; I'll go home.'

'Put on your vhest, den; here it is,' says the old crout-eater, gathering up his loss, and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made this effort, he grew livid in his face,—his hair stood on end, 'like quills upon the frightful porkinhime,' as Mrs. Partington observes; he shivered—he shook—his teeth chattered, and his knocked a staccato accompaniment.

'O! Yacob, carry me home! I'm dead as nits!'

'Vat a Dutch nodder shnake in your throwsis!'

'No-a-shnake! I'm swelt aup! Mine vhest won't go on mine back! O! O! mine Gott!'

'Tou'ner and blixen!' cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main the old man scared into a most wonderful feat of physical activity and strength, lugged and carried the boss some quarter of a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it for home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in hysterics when they saw the approach of poor old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die, natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on? Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle-top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible!

'Call dis a shnake? Bah?' says the old woman.

'O, but I'm pizhened to death, Molly! See, I'm all pizhen—mine vhest—O, dear—mine vhest not come over mine body!'

'Haw! haw! haw!' roared the old woman. 'Vat a fool! You got Peter's vhest on!—haw! haw! haw!'

'Bosh!' roars old Peter, shaking off Death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up. 'Bosh! Yacob, vat a tam ole fool you mush be, to say I vash shnake bit! Go 'bout your bishness, gals. Peter, bring me some beer.'

The old woman saved Peter's life!

### TALE FOR WEATHER GRUMBLERS

The small parish of Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good. In course of time, it happened that the Rev. Adam Surely visited Fallowdale, and, as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the little parish church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to stay with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare. Upon the merits of this proposition there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take up a permanent residence in Fallowdale, but the members could not so readily agree to have him.

'I don't see the use of hiring a parson,' said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. 'He can do us no good. If you have got any money to spare, we had better lay it up for something else. A parson can't do any good.'

To this it was answered that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to the younger people, and also a source of real good to all.

'I don't know about that,' said Sharp, after he had heard the argument against him. Sharp was one of the wealthiest men in the parish, and consequently one of the most influential. 'I've heam tell,' continued he, 'of a parson that could pray for rain, and have it come at any time. Now if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go for hiring him.'

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers had suffered with long drouths, and after arguing a while longer, they agreed to hire Parson Surely upon the condition that he should give them rain whenever they wished it, and on the other hand that he would give them fair weather whenever required. Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputized to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while their messengers went upon their errand. When the deacons returned, Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a graceful bow saluted the people there assembled.

'Well, my friends,' he said, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, 'I have heard your request of me, and strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposals: but I can only do it on one condition; and that is, that your request for a change of weather be unanimous.

This appeared very reasonable, since every member of the parish had a deep interest in the farming business and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become pastor of Fallowdale, and that he should give the people rain whenever they asked for it. When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings his wife was utterly astounded on learning the nature of the contract he had entered into.

'But you know you can't make it rain,' persisted Mrs. Surely; 'and you know the farmers will be wanting rain very often when there is none for them. You will be disgraced.'

'I will learn them a lesson,' quietly replied the pastor.

'Ay, that you cannot be as good as your word; and when they have learned it they will turn you off.'

'We shall see,' was Mr. Surely's reply; and he took up a book and commenced reading.

This was a signal to desist from further conversation on the subject, and she at once obeyed. Time flew on, and at length the hot days of midsummer came. For three weeks it had not rained, and the corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drouth. In this extremity the people bethought themselves of the promises of their pastor, and some of them hastened to his dwelling.

'Come,' said Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering severely, 'we want some rain. You remember your promise.'

'Certainly,' returned Mr. Surely 'if you will call a meeting of the parish, I will be with you this evening.'

With this, the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and they hastened to call the flock together.

'Now you will see the hour of your disgrace,' said Mrs. Surely, after the vistors had gone. 'I am sorry you undertook to deceive them so.'

'I did not deceive them.'

'Yes, surely you did.'

'We shall see.'

'So we shall see.'

The hour of the meeting came round, and Mr. Surely met his people at the church: and they were all there; most of them anxious, and the rest curious.

'Now, my friends,' said the pastor, rising upon the platform, 'I have come to hear you request. What is it?'

'We want rain,' bluntly spoke farmer Sharp; 'and you know your promise to give it to us.'

'Ay, rain—rain,' repeated half a dozen voices.

'Very well, now, when will you have it.'

'This very night; let it rain all night long,' said farmer Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

'No, no, not to-night,' cried Deacon Smith.

'I have six or seven tons of well-made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything,' said another.

'So have I hay out,' added Mr. Peck. 'We won't have it rain to night.'

'Then let it be to-morrow.'

'It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in in,' said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for the two succeeding days. At length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they would have rain in just four days.—'For by that time all the hay that is now out can be got in, and we need not cut any—'

'Stop, stop,' uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband by the sleeve; 'that is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. If musn't rain then.'

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed the rain should be in one week, and then took his seat. But this would not do. Many of the people would not have it put off so long.

'If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all,' said they. In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain. 'Until you can make up your minds on this point,' said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, 'we must all trust in the Lord.' And after this the people followed him from the place.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in, but on the very day that Mr. Sharp and his wife were to have started for Snowhall, it began to rain in right good earnest. Sharp lost his visit; but he met disappointment with good grace for his crops smiled at the rain. Ere another month had rolled by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but the result was the same as before. Many of the people had their muck to dig, and rain would prevent them. Some wanted the rain immediately, some in one, some in two, and some in three days; while others wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had not yet occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and down to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they should have, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if the inhabitants could govern it.

While they had been longing for a power they did not possess, they had not seen its absurdity; but now they had in good faith, tried to apply that power, under the belief that it was theirs, they saw clearly that they were getting beyond their sphere.

They saw that Nature's laws were safer in the hands of Nature's God than in the hands of Nature's children. On the last Sabbath of the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break up his connection with the parish, but the people would not listen to it. They had become attached to him and the meetings, and they wished him to stay.

'But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather,' said the pastor.

'Nor do we wish you to,' returned Sharp. 'Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social and happy,'

'And,' added the pastor, while a tear of prine stood in his eye, as he looked for an instant into the face of his own happy wife, 'all things above our own proper sphere we will leave with God, for He doeth all things well.'

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When Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticise his work and to find fault without understanding it. 'The Apostle Paul has too red a face,' said one. 'He blushes to see into whose hands the church has fallen,' sain the indignant artist.

'Still so gently o'er me stealing,' as the man said when he heard a thief in the garret.

When does a man rob his wife? When he hooks her dress.

### The English before Sevastopol—Awful Picture drawn by the London Times.

From time to time we have quoted from the English press—that, at length, no longer shuts its columns to accounts of the horrible suffering and wholesale immolation of the army in the Crimea—and have shown to our startled readers the fact that the English army has become almost an utter wreck. In the London Times of the 8th of February, we have a "leader," confirmary of the hitherto tidings from the Crimea; and since it is a document of world-wide interest, we quote it at length, commending it to the readers careful perusal:

Now that we have again a Government, though like our military departments, not yet fully and completely organised, we lose not an hour in soliciting its earnest attention to the dreadful, astounding, and, as our preparation has been, even to us almost incredible narratives, that we continue to receive from the East. Day by day the thin vail which official mystification had striven to spread over the appalling realities of our position, is falling away, and a scene is disclosed, the unutterable woe and misery of which the most excited imagination cannot represent—the most graphic pen connot depict. Slowly sinking down from an abyss of misery which a short time ago would have been deemed impossible, to an abyss far lower and more awful, our army seems to be reaching the period assigned to all human woe, as it has long ago passed the suffering hitherto believed to be the limit of human endurance. Down, down, ever downward, without an abatement or retardation, in the steady career of destruction, have our soldiers sunk, and, dark as have been our prognostics; the reality has always kept far more than pace with them. Our correspondents turn with sickening disgust from the dreary monotony of a narrative which tells of nothing but death in the shape most abhorent to brave men—in the form of loathsome and incurable disease. Our battalions in the Crimea melt away like the snow that surrounds their tents and fills their trenches, and this diminution of our military force is registered by a corresponding increase of our hospitals One hospital has grown into three, three into eight, and eight into thirteen. Cargo after cargo of the emaciated relics of the survivers of our great battles has been sent to Malta, to Corfu, and to England. Death is clearing the hospitals at the rate 50 to 60 per day; but still the tide of misery overbears all the receptacles devised to contain it, and there is no room for the immense number of patients whose arrival is immediately expected. Five thousand sick are, it appears, already in the camp, and one half of those doing duty are already unfit for work.—While Ministers insult us by talking of 30,000 effective men, well-informed persons at Constantinople estimate our effective force in the Crimea at from 11,000 to 14,000 bayonets! including in the term that moiety which Dr. Hall considers to be unfit for duty—that is, smitten with chronic disease, to which they will not yield till it becomes inveterate and incurable. This calamity, as we said, has not came upon us suddenly or unawares. It has advanced step by step, fully foreseen, and distinctly pointed out. The progresssion is regular and invariable—from the trenches to the hospital, and from the hospital to the grave. It is not in battle that the British army has found its destroyer. Against its iron front the might of Russia was shivered in vain, but it carried within itself and in the influences which watched over it, the sure and unfailing seeds of destruction, and bore about it the corruption in which they were sure to open. We do not wish to exaggerate—we could not exaggerate if we could—the extent and nature of this calamity. A little time, and all that will be left of our glorious army will be a few sickly and miserable invalids, a General or two, and the members of the Staff, which, though it has done nothing of the duty required of it, is reported by its head to be gentlemanlike in its demeanor, and free from all imputation of vulgar disagreements and quarrels. When, however, this catastrophe shall have been accomplished—and it is one, the accomplishment of which may be measured by days, almost by hours—we shall at any rate, have to congratulate ourselves that its course did not impede the deliberate and leisurely construction of our Administration—that not a crotchet was surrendered, not a punctillo waived, not a party or personal claim abandoned, in order to expedite the formation of a power which might be able to deal with these awful eventualities. —We shall also have the satisfaction of knowing that, of all the persons in the departments whose incompetency has led to this deplorable result, not a single one has been recalled, disgraced, or discredited, so far as the opinion of his official superiors are concerned.

Still, after a period of inaction and inertness so complete that he really believe it was from the English newspapers he first learn the state of his own army, does Lord Raglan continue to while away his time in ease and tranquillity among the relics of his army. Still are his staff left in the full exercise of those functions to which they have, over and over again, proved themselves wholly unequal: still are the Quartermaster and Adjutant-General left to contribute their quota of mismanagement and incapacity; still is the Commissariat abandoned to the care of old and worn-out men; still are the same prejudiced and unfeeling persons allowed to ruin the efficiency of our medical department. Chaos is come again—night anarchy and confusion reign triumphant. Our national reputation has been sacrificed, our army destroyed, our position in Europe seriously compromised, our past tarnished and our future overclouded; but we have not recalled a single individual! No one has been made accountable for all this mischief, and, while the public suffers and private families mourn, no official gentleman's feelings have been hurt by his withdrawal from the position which he had abused. For our part, we cannot help suspecting that it would have been better if, instead of saving our officials and losing our army, we have saved our army even at the risk of, in some cases, blighting the prospects, and in others hurting the feelings, of men so fatally unworthy of the public confidence. This, we confess, would have been our choice, had the alternative been open to us. It is no longer so; but we nevertheless feel that this apathettic mood must exist no longer, and that the first pledge that the new Government must give of its intention to carry on the war with vigor and success is by showing, not only that merit will be rewarded, but also that negligence and incompetency will be severely published.

This is the utterance of that London *Times* whose thunder makes the English tremble; and it may it may well be supposed that, with such a monitor, the new Ministry will do all in its power to health and efficiency; and, if possible, lead it on to victory. That this "thunder" may not be assumed as a false alarm, these paragraphs, from correspondents, will assure the reader of the truth of the picture drawn by the *Times*. An officer at Blaklava writes under date of Jan. 12th:

Here is nothing but misery: for even though in health, to live in a canvas tent in frost and show keeps one in constant pain from sheer starvation. Talk about returns! Why my very ink has been so often frozen that it has become so pale I can scarcely see it. I suppose there are scores in the hospital frost bitten; no man is well. On every side are cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, rheumatism, catarrh, and scurvy. The army is covered with dirt, vermin and rags. You would not know what nation they belonged to. Some wear long boots similar to the Americans, taken off dead Russians; others old sacks stitched round their lege; others have made galters of their knapsacks. I saw one wearing a sky blue jacket, with yellow facings. On going up to him I found it to be Tom Barnacle, dressed as a Cossack. I am now wearing a Russian officer's surtout—dark blue, scarlet lining and collar; the gold epaulettes have been torn off, but I have got the two little straps which secured them.

Another correspondent, writning from Scutari, under date of Feb. 1st says:

The accounts which are received here as to the health of the army become more dismal; and they are only too drearily confirmed by the rate at which the arrivals of sick take place, and by the condition of the men when admitted into hospital.—Only two days ago I met an officer holding a high position in the service, who had just returned from the Crimea. He spoke without the slightest reserve of matters there said that as an organized efficient force the army no longer existed; that all disappeared; that the men had ceased to salute their officers as they passed, and it was quite common to see them selling indispensable articles of clothing, in order to buy rum. It would take, he said, many months to bring back to a proper state of efficiency those who were still fit for duty, so thoroughly demoralized had they become. As for the sick, not only the regimental hospitals but the tents were full of them, and many of those whose who still stuck to work were quite unfit for it. It was impossible, he said, to believe the state of the army, as to disease, unless one went up and examined into it for himself.

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THE RICHEST SELL WE EVER HEARD OF. We find an account in the East Brooklyn *Times*, of a new method of "raising the wind," as the dead, in that city, which takes down everything in the diddling line of the season, and indicates the extent and pressure of the hard times. A female called a few days since on a lady of some influence in Brooklyn, and told a sad and plaintive story of suffering and privation, that her husband just died and that she lacked the means of a decent burial. Her tale of woe so wrought upon the lady that she proceeded to visit her immediately, to satisfy herself there was no imposture.—On entering the apartment she beheld the coffin, and was satisfied all was right, and not wishing to harrow the feelings of the bereaved woman, she left her a considerable sum of money, and immediately departed. After passing two or three blocks from the dwelling, thinking all the way of the strange complexions to which we are liable, she missed her pocket handkercrief, and returned to see if she had not dropped it in the house. The stairs were ascended hastily and the room entered without much ceremony, when when what did she behold—the woman's husband sitting up in the coffin counting the money?

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A boy is very miscellaneous in his habits. We emptied Master Smith's pockets the other day, and found the contents to consist of the following articles:

Sixteen marbles—one top—an oyster shell—two pieces of brick—one doughnut—a piece of curry-comb—a paint-brush—three wax-ends—a handful of corks—a chisel—two knives, both broken—a skate strap—three buckles and a dog-eared primer.